Mother's Wisdom by Bloody Vixen

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Mother's Wisdom

You remembered your mother's sayings "Beware, [Y/N], beware of monsters masquerading as men. Keep to light. Stay from the dark and you'd be safe,"

You were only a child then and therefore you obeyed. Then you grew older, and the words became less of an order and more of a choice. Your mother's sayings became less of wisdoms and protection but shackles and prisons.

You're taller than your mother now, and she can no longer protect you. You looked at yourself and see, instead of a trembling child, a grown woman, strong and confident.

So you shut your ears and opened your eyes, then you made a choice.

Now you're here, shackled and imprisoned.

The first time that thing left you alone, you broke down into sobs. Tears ran freely down your face as you curled up, your body shook and trembled as the hopelessness gripped you. It had laughed at your distress, batting you back and forth as you tried to escape its long arms.

You had thought it had been some sort of prank, a joke borne by your colleagues. You even laughed and joked with it.

"*Kinda early for Halloween, pal?"*

"*Ohoho, every day is Halloween with Pennywise!"*

You should have ran, there and then. Even if that thing had been an actual clown, you should have been wary. What was a man-creature-thing whose shoulders you barely reached, doing in the Barrens, holding a bunch of red balloons?

But you thought you were strong, the warnings of your mother a whimpered whisper at the back of your head. And you were basking in the safety of the sun - no harm can come to you.

As it dragged your battered body back to its lair you come to a conclusion: The light can hurt you too.

You never call it 'Pennywise'.

The flesh was warm even as the thing dropped it into her freezing hands.

"Eat."

You shove it aside, fighting down the bile rising up your throat as you shake your head in defiance.

It slaps you across the face, the crack echoing in the cavern as your vision blacken from pain. A hiss escaped your lips as strong arms (with claws that rend and tear), drag you into a sitting position. It drops the flesh into your hands, its eyes now rimmed with furious red.

"Don't be wasteful, *eat!*"

A surge of strength greets you as you glare back, "Fuck you!" you spat.

Its eyes flared and the thing makes to lunge at you. You shut your eyes, prepared to die. Prepared to die than devour the sick thing it wants you to.

Instead of death, heavy breathing caresses your face.

You breathe, refusing to open your eyes. Your mind racing as an understanding dawn upon you.

"Kill me, kill me, kill me," It mocked in your voice.

A traitorous sob escapes you and then you find yourself unable to breathe. One hand grips your throat as another clamps your nose and mouth. And the thing squeezes.

Dignity fled as your base instinct thrashed and writhe, lungs begging

for air. Your eyes opened to the thing's cruel sneer, as your hands and legs kick and fought. But it felt less like kicking a person, than a brick wall.

Dark spot dance in your eyes before the grip loosens and you are thrown to the floor. As you gasp for air, the thing lifts the unwanted flesh to your mouth. It grinned a warning.

"Eat."

You think of how this is wrong. How it's unfair and how you don't want to do it. But another part of you, that dormant survival instinct cautioned that you have no choice. Eat or die.

Its eyes redden before you opened your mouth and clamp down on the raw, fear laced meat. It tasted like blood and bones and if it weren't for the fact that you saw the thing strip it from a poor dead boy, you could almost imagine it was animal meat. The texture was no different and you chew and chomp and swallow to the sound of the thing's satisfied laughter. In a mockery of kindness, it even patted you on the back when you nearly choked on the reality of your situation.

"Now, now, don't eat too fast. Can't have you dying now," It murmured softly, then pulled you close to its chest, rubbing your shoulders as you consumed the last bit of flesh. For a moment you felt like you were at home, that instead of a child eating monster, it was your mother you held you oh-so-gently. That you hadn't just committed cannibalism and instead just had a very unfulfilling meal.

Fatigue seeps your bones and even when the thing plants a soft kiss on your cheeks, you did not flinch.

"Good girl."

"Why me?"

"Because you are. Because I can."

It was one week later when you kick down the door and didn't even

wait for it to fall before you bolt. Your mind raced as it took in the cavern. Ignoring the mountain of trophies and floating limbs you look for the any opened grates. They all were. Your instinct screams a trap but you don't care. You have to escape.

You think of yesterday and recalled with horror; of how its fingers trailed up your thighs and its tongue licking in anticipation, for something, for something so primal and so wrong, you abandoned your plans to gain full strength and just *run.* You always thought it kept you as a fun plaything, to watch this proud and bold woman, break and shatter into a tearful wreck. To use you like *that* triggered a fear so deep and raw, you kept yourself awake, even as your soul screamed for sleep. The thing chuckled as it left you that morning (night?) Saying it was looking forward for dinner later. The words laden with promise.

The first grate led you to a pitch black cesspit. Your feet splashing with sewage into the air as you ran. Your left palm brush against the walls, as you try to recall a way to keep track. *Left, right, left, left, right.*

You walked further and further only to find yourself back in the cavern. You swore but didn't stop, you look around for an object and grabbed a nearby tricycle and then placed it against the wall, marking it as wrong. You went to the next one. *Right, right, left, left.* Stop. *Left, left, left, right.*

Part of you were not surprised to find yourself back. You mark the next grate. And the next and the next until all were marked and yet you were still there. You could almost hear that awful giggle as a howl escaped your lips. You screamed, planting your fist against the cold, silent walls. You didn't cease the howl even as your knuckles bled or as your tears dried, you didn't even stop when you found a sharp glass and ran it across your wrist (*downhill, not across)*. Neither did you cease when long, sharp claws gripped your wrists tightly and the howl mutated into hysterical laughter at the creature's expression.

It was only when its palm hits you across the face, not once, not twice and but *four times* did you end, whimpering in pain and dizziness from blood loss. The thing was angry, no, it was *furious.* Its eyes were burning red, pricked with the smallest yellow. Rows of

teeth, sharpened and lengthened while drool splatters your skin.

Its claws raised one of your slit wrist, a grim air on its face.

"Don't you love your mother, [Y/N]?" You froze, looking up. It grinned as something long, and red (and cold and wet), slithered from behind its teeth.

"Poor Mrs. [L/N], still looking for her wayward daughter. Gotta admit [Y/N], she's not looking so well. It seems her heart's all weak and fragile and all this missing daughter thing is getting her down." It said, as its tongue lap your cuts, slowly and deliberately.

You ignore your flesh knitting and healing.

"Just one ol' scare would just *kill* her. Imagine that. One scare. Like finding her daughter's corpse all wrapped up for her in a box." It said as the tongue lapped up your last wound and slithered back into its lips. It looked at you expectantly.

It could be lying. It had done that before. Lied to you about being harmless. Lied to you about letting you go. But you know your mother. You know how she'd scold you one moment, then clutch her chest as she smacked your concerns away. Her soul is tough but her flesh; her flesh betrayed her. You had seen it when your father died from his own weak heart, you had seen it when you started shouting back, refusing the comfortable home you share as you take your chances in outside. How her voice, once so strong and soothing now sounded feeble and weak.

And how you'd give anything to hear it again.

"Pl-please, d-don't…" you stammer and the creature tilt its head, considering.

"Don't what, [Y/N]?"

"Don't kill my mom," you beg as a grin slowly form on its face.

"Hahaha, but you wanted to die [Y/N], makes me wonder if you even care for dear ol' mommy," the grin curls into a sneer, "You selfish *bitch*, you do that again and I will personally deliver your corpse to

her, then I'd tear her dry old flesh into pieces and devour her soul where she'll scream for all eternity!"

"No, no, please I promise I won't do it again, *please! I'd do anything!*"

The thing laughs and it bounces against the walls, making it sound as if a chorus of monsters are laughing back at you.

"If you insist, naughty girl,"

Then the creature grabs you by the neck and you're sent flying through the air before crashing onto the circus stage. You feel ache peppering your body but before you could reorient yourself, a pair of strong arms grasps your waist and flips you onto your back.

Your screams lasted hours.

The thing inside you, moving, *thrusting* showed no mercy. Even as you begged, then threatened then gibbered incoherently. It didn't even allow you to shut your eyes or let your mind close. It would pry your lids open and shatter whatever walls you brain tried to build. You can't go inside and it won't allow you to look away.

The worse was the pleasure. That awful, awful pleasure. Part of you knew that your body was just reacting to stimuli, you didn't want it. You would never want it. Yet no words could describe the feeling of betrayal that coursed through your veins as your body burns with unwanted joy.

You lost track of time, of seeing eyes go red to yellow to blue to red and again and again, feeling the wooden stage scrape your skin, the burning of your cunt as it goes in and out followed by grunts and sighs and laughter.

When it was done, it lets out a beastly roar before slumping over your shaking and tired frame.

It allow you to close your eyes and let your mind build and build. You shove aside the memories, of the wetness between your legs, the bites over your breasts and shoulders. How your legs curl and cramp in pain. Your mind, so human, builds and hides then throws what had happened into the Valley of Traumatic Memories.

You don't remember the soft lips dotting your cheeks. The way it carried you so gently onto the battered mattress it called bed and curl against your body, filling you with warmth. You don't want to remember.

Your eyes shut to the darkness, to the safety of your mind.

"Beware, [Y/N], beware of monsters masquerading as men. Keep to light. Stay from the dark and you'd be safe," she'd say.

But you know the truth now. There were monsters and they look like men but you are only safe in the dark; in the dark where they can never see you.

Author's Notes: I don't even know with this. I was just surfing all these Pennywise x Reader fics and this just POPPED out of my brain. I just wrote and wrote. It feels experimental cause it is. I tried to write smut but apparently 30 years of sexual repression is real y'all. And so instead of a lemon you all get a wimpy lime.